POEMS,

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

S. Freeling. Pinx.t

Ridley & Blood Sc.

Mr. Montgomery

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THE

Wanderer of Switzerland,

AND

OTHER POEMS,

by

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

" Tho' long of winds and waves the sport,
" Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
" LIVE!---thou shalt find a sheltering port,
" A quiet home."

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TO THE PUBLIC.

No new Publication awakens leſs curioſity than a volume of Miſcellaneous Poems by an unknown Author. Under this diſadvantage, (among many diſcouragements more which need not be named,) the following trifles are offered to the world;—yet if they have merit they cannot be entirely overlooked; if they have none they will be juſtly neglected.

The Wanderer of Switzerland, the firſt and longeſt eſſay in this collection, has a peculiar claim on the liberality of criticiſm. Whatever its fate or its character may be, it is neither written in the ſpirit, nor after the manner of any preceding Poet. An heroic ſubject is celebrated in a lyric meaſure, on a dramatic plan. To unite with the majeſty of epic ſong, the fire, rapidity and compreſſion of the ode, and

give to both the grace and variety of earneſt impaſſioned converſation, would be an enlargement of the boundaries of Parnaſſus. In ſuch an adventure, ſucceſs would be immortality; and failure itſelf, in the preſent inſtance, is conſecrated by the boldneſs of the firſt attempt. Under theſe circumſtances, THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND will be hoſpitably received by every lover of the Muſes: and though the Poet may have been as unfortunate as his Hero, the infirmities of both will be forgiven for the courage which each has diſplayed. The Hiſtorical facts alluded to in this narrative may be found in the *Supplement to Coxe's Travels*, and in *Planta's Hiſtory of the Helvetic Confederacy.*

It is proper to obſerve, that many of the ſmaller Pieces have already appeared in the POETICAL REGISTER, and other periodical publications: the favour which a few of theſe anonymouſly obtained gave birth to the preſent volume.

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WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND,

A Poem.

IN SIX PARTS.

THE

WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

Part I.

A WANDERER *of* SWITZERLAND *and his Family, consisting of his Wife, his Daughter and her young Children, emigrating from their Country, in consequence of its subjugation by the French, in* 1798, *arrive at the Cottage of* A SHEPHERD, *beyond the frontiers, where they are hospitably entertained.*

Shepherd. "WANDERER! whither dost thou roam?
Weary Wanderer, old and grey!
Wherefore hast thou left thine home,
In the sunset of thy day?"

Wanderer. "In the ſunſet of my day,
Stranger! I have loſt my home:
Weary, wandering, old and grey,
Therefore, therefore do I roam.

Here mine arms a Wife enfold,
Fainting in their weak embrace;
There my daughter's charms, behold,
Withering in that widow'd face.

Theſe her infants,—O their Sire,
Worthy of the race of TELL,
In the battle's fierceſt fire,
—In his country's battle,—fell!"

Shep. "SWITZERLAND then gave thee birth?"

Wand. "Aye,—'twas SWITZERLAND of yore;
But, degraded ſpot of earth!
Thou art SWITZERLAND no more.

O'er thy mountains, ſunk in blood,
Are the waves of ruin hurl'd;
Like the waters of the flood,
Rolling round a buried world."

Shep. "Yet will Time the deluge ſtop;
Then may SWITZERLAND be bleſt:
On ST. GOTHARD'S* hoary top,
Shall the Ark of Freedom reſt."

Wand. "No!—Irreparably loſt,
On the day that made us ſlaves,
Freedom's Ark, by tempeſts toſt,
Founder'd in the ſwallowing waves."

* *ST. GOTHARD is the name of the higheſt Mountain in the Canton of URI, the birthplace of Swiſs Independence.*

Shep. "Welcome, Wanderer as thou art,
All my bleſſings to partake;
Yet thrice-welcome to my heart,
For thine injured country's ſake.

On the weſtern hills afar,
Evening lingers with delight,
While ſhe views her favourite ſtar,
Brightening on the brow of night.

Here, tho' lowly be my lot,
Enter freely, freely ſhare
All the comforts of my cot,
Humble ſhelter, homely fare.

Spouſe! I bring a ſuffering gueſt,
With his family of grief;
Bid the weary pilgrims reſt,
Yield, O yield them ſweet relief."

Shep.'s Wife. "I will yield them ſweet relief:
Weary Pilgrims! welcome here;
Welcome, family of grief!
Welcome to my warmeſt cheer."

Wand. "If the prayers of broken hearts
Riſe acceptable above,
Pitying Heaven will take our parts;
Helping Heaven reward your love."

Shep. "Haſte, recruit the failing fire,
High the winter-faggots raiſe:
See the crackling flames aſpire;
O how cheerfully they blaze!

Mourners! now forget your cares,
And till ſupper-board be crown'd,
Cloſely draw your fire-ſide chairs;
Form the dear domeſtic round."

Wand. "Hoſt! thy ſmiling daughters bring,
Bring thoſe roſy lads of thine;
Let them mingle in the ring,
With theſe poor loſt babes of mine."

Shep. "Join the ring, my girls and boys;
This enchanting circle, this
Binds the ſocial loves and joys;
'Tis the fairy-ring of bliſs!"

Wand. "O ye loves and joys! that ſport
In the fairy-ring of bliſs,
Oft with me ye held your court;
I had once an home like this!

Bountiful my former lot
As my native-country's rills;
The foundations of my cot
Were her everlaſting hills.

But thoſe ſtreams no longer pour
Rich abundance round my lands;
And my father's cot no more
On my father's mountain ſtands.

By an hundred winters piled,
When the Glaciers,* dark with death,
Hang o'er precipices wild,
Hang,—ſuſpended by a breath:

If a pulſe but throb alarm,
Daſh'd down dreadful in a trice,
—For a pulſe will break the charm,—
Headlong rolls the rock of ice:

* *More properly the* AVALANCHES; *immenſe accumulations of ice and ſnow, balanced on the verge of the mountains, in ſuch ſubtle ſuſpence, that in the opinion of the natives, the tread of the traveller may bring them down in deſtruction upon him. The* GLACIERS *are more permanent maſſes of ice, and formed rather in the vallies than on the ſummits of the Alps.*

Struck with horror ſtiff and pale,
When the chaos breaks on high,
All that view it from the vale,
All that hear it coming, die :—

In a day and hour accurſt,
O'er the wretched land of TELL,
Thus the Gallic ruin burſt,
Thus the Gallic glacier fell!"

Shep. "Huſh that melancholy ſtrain;
Wipe thoſe unavailing tears :"
Wand. "Nay,—permit me to complain;
'Tis the privilege of years:

'Tis the privilege of woe,
Thus her anguiſh to impart:
And the tears that freely flow
Eaſe the agonizing heart."

Shep. "Yet ſuſpend thy griefs awhile:
See the plenteous table crown'd;
And my wife's endearing ſmile
Beams a roſy welcome round.

Cheeſe from mountain-dairies preſt,
Wholeſome herbs, nutritious roots,
Honey from the wild-bee's neſt,
Cheering wine, and ripen'd fruits:

Theſe, with ſoul-ſuſtaining bread,
My paternal fields afford;
On ſuch fare our fathers fed;—
Hoary Pilgrim! bleſs the board."

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

Part II.

After supper, THE WANDERER, *at the desire of his Host, relates the sorrows and sufferings of his Country, during the invasion and conquest of it by the French, in connection with his own story.*

Shep. "WANDERER! bow'd with griefs and years,
Wanderer, with the cheek so pale!
O give language to those tears;
Tell their melancholy tale."

Wand. "Stranger-friend! the tears that flow
Down the channels of this cheek,
Tell a mystery of woe,
Which no human tongue can speak.

Not the pangs of "Hope deferr'd"
My tormented bosom tear:
—On that tomb of Hope interr'd
Scowls the spectre of Despair.

—Where the Alpine summits rise,
Height o'er height stupendous hurl'd;
Like the pillars of the skies,
Like the ramparts of the world:

Born in Freedom's eagle nest,
Rock'd by whirlwinds in their rage,
Nursed at Freedom's stormy breast,
Lived my Sires from age to age.

High o'er UNDERWALDEN'S vale,
Where the forest fronts the morn;
Whence the boundless eye might sail
O'er a sea of mountains borne:

There my little native cot
Peep'd upon my father's farm:
—O it was a happy ſpot,
Rich in every rural charm!

There my life, a ſilent ſtream,
Glid along, yet ſeem'd at reſt;
Lovely as an infant's dream
On the waking mother's breaſt.

Till the ſtorm that wreck'd the world,
In its horrible career,
Into hopeleſs ruin hurl'd
All this aching heart held dear.

On the princely towers of BERNE
Fell the Gallic thunder-ſtroke;
To the lake of poor LUCERNE,
All ſubmitted to the yoke.

REDING then his ſtandard raiſed,
Drew his ſword on BRUNNEN's plain;*
But in vain his banner blazed,
REDING drew his ſword in vain.

Where our conquering fathers died;
Where their awful bones repoſe;
Thrice the battle's fate he tried,
Thrice o'erthrew his country's foes †

* *BRUNNEN, at the foot of the mountains, on the borders of the Lake of URI, where the firſt Swiſs Patriots, WALTER FURST of URI, WERNER STAUFFACHER of SCHWITZ, and ARNOLD OF MELCHTHAL in UNDERWALDEN, conſpired againſt the tyranny of AUSTRIA, in* 1307, *again in* 1798 *became the ſeat of the Diet of theſe three foreſt Cantons.*

† *On the plains of MORGARTHEN, where the Swiſs gained their firſt deciſive victory over the force of Auſtria, and thereby ſecured the independence of their country, ALLOYS REDING, at the head of the troops of the little Cantons, URI, SCHWITZ and UNDERWALDEN, repeatedly repulſed the invading army of FRANCE.*

Happy then were those who fell,
Fighting on their fathers' graves!
Wretched those who lived to tell
Treachery made the victors slaves.*

Thus my country's life retired,
Slowly driven from part to part;
UNDERWALDEN last expired,
UNDERWALDEN was the heart.†

* *By the resistance of these small Cantons, the French General* SHAWEMBOURG *was compelled to respect their independence, and gave them a solemn pledge to that purport: but no sooner had they disarmed, on the faith of this engagement, than the Enemy came suddenly upon them with an immense force; and with threats of extermination compelled them to take the civic oath to the new Constitution, imposed upon all* SWITZERLAND.

† *The inhabitants of the lower Valley of* UNDERWALDEN *alone resisted the French message, which required submission to the New Constitution, and the immediate surrender,* alive or dead, *of nine of their Leaders. When the demand, accom-*

In the valley of their birth,
Where our guardian mountains ſtand;
In the eye of heaven and earth,
Met the warriors of our land.

Like their Sires in olden time,
Arm'd they met in ſtern debate;
While in every breaſt ſublime
Glow'd the SPIRIT OF THE STATE.

GALLIA'S menace fired their blood;
With one heart and voice they roſe:
Hand in hand the heroes ſtood,
And defied their faithleſs foes.

panied by a menace of deſtruction, was read in the Aſſembly of the Diſtrict, all the men of the valley, fifteen hundred in number, took up arms, and devoted themſelves to periſh in the ruins of their Country.

Then to heaven, in calm defpair,
As they turn'd the tearlefs eye,
By their country's wrongs they fware
With their country's rights to die.

ALBERT from the council came;—
(My poor daughter was his wife;
All the valley loved his name;
ALBERT was my ftaff of life!)

From the council-field he came;
All his noble vifage burn'd;
At his look I caught the flame;
At his voice my youth return'd.

Fire from heaven my heart renew'd;
Vigour beat thro' every vein;
All the powers, that age had hew'd,
Started into ftrength again.

Sudden from my couch I ſprang,
Every limb to life reſtored;
With the bound my cottage rang,
As I ſnatch'd my fathers' ſword.

This the weapon they did wield,
On MORGARTHEN's dreadful day;
And thro' SEMPACH's iron field,
This the ploughſhare of their way.*

Then, my Spouſe! in vain thy fears
Strove my fury to reſtrain;
O my Daughter! all thy tears,
All thy children's were in vain.

* *At the battle of* SEMPACH, *the Auſtrians preſented ſo impenetrable a front with their projected ſpears, that the Swiſs were repeatedly compelled to retire from the attack, till a native of* UNDERWALDEN, *named* ARNOLD DE WINKELRIED, *commending his family to his countrymen, ſprang upon the enemy, and burying as many of their ſpears as he could graſp in his body, made a breach in their line; the Swiſs ruſhed in, and routed the Auſtrians with a terrible ſlaughter.*

Quickly from our haſtening foes,
ALBERT's active care removed,
Far amidſt the' eternal ſnows,
Theſe who loved us,—theſe beloved.*

Then our cottage we forſook;
Yet as down the ſteeps we paſs'd,
Many an agonizing look
Homeward o'er the hills we caſt.

Now we reach'd the nether glen,
Where in arms our brethren lay;
Thrice five hundred fearleſs men,
Men of adamant were they!

* *Many of the* UNDERWALDERS, *on the approach of the French army, removed their families and cattle among the higher Alps; and themſelves returned to join their brethren who had encamped in their native Valley, on the borders of the Lake, and awaited the attack of the enemy.*

Nature's bulwarks, built by Time,
'Gainſt Eternity to ſtand,
Mountains, terribly ſublime,
Girt the camp on either hand.

Dim behind the valley brake
Into rocks that fled from view;
Fair in front the gleaming lake
Roll'd its waters bright and blue.

'Midſt the hamlets of the dale,
STANTZ,* with ſimple grandeur crown'd,
Seem'd the Mother of the vale,
With her children ſcatter'd round.

'Midſt the ruins of the dale,
Now ſhe bows her hoary head,
Like the Widow of the vale
Weeping o'er her children dead.

* *The Capital of* UNDERWALDEN.

Happier then had been her fate,
Ere ſhe fell by ſuch a foe,
Had an earthquake ſunk her ſtate,
Or the lightning laid her low!"

Shep. "Rather had the lightning's flaſh
Quick conſumed thy country's foe!
Rather had the earthquake's craſh
Laid her perjur'd tyrants low!

Why did Juſtice not prevail?"

Wand. "Ah! it was not thus to be!"

Shep. —"Man of grief! purſue thy tale
To the death of Liberty."

END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE

WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

Part III.

The WANDERER *continues his narrative, and describes the battle and massacre of* UNDERWALDEN.

Wand. "FROM the valley we descried,
As the GAULS approach'd our shores,
Keels that darken'd all the tide,
Tempesting the lake with oars.

Then the mountain-echoes rang
With the clangor of alarms:
Shrill the signal-trumpet sang;
All our warriors leap'd to arms.

On the margin of the flood,
While the frantic foe drew nigh;
Grim as watching Wolves we ſtood,
Prompt as Eagles ſtretcht to fly.

In a deluge upon land
Burſt their overwhelming might;
Back we hurl'd them from the ſtrand,
Still returning to the fight.

Still repulſed, their rage increaſed,
Till the waves were warm with blood;
Still repulſed, they never ceaſed,
Till they founder'd in the flood.*

* *The French made their firſt attack on the Valley of* UNDERWALDEN *from the Lake; but after a deſperate conflict they were victoriouſly repelled, and two of their veſſels, containing five hundred men, periſhed in the engagement.*

For on that triumphant day,
UNDERWALDEN's arms once more
Broke Oppreſſion's black array,
Daſh'd Invaſion from her ſhore.

GAUL's ſurviving barks retired,
Muttering vengeance as they fled;
Hope in us, by Victory fired,
Raiſed our Spirits from the dead.

From the dead our Spirits roſe,
To the dead they ſoon return'd;
Bright, on its eternal cloſe,
UNDERWALDEN's glory burn'd.

Star of SWITZERLAND! whoſe rays
Shed ſuch ſweet expiring light,
Ere the GALLIC comet's blaze
Swept thy beauty into night:—

Star of SWITZERLAND! thy fame
No recording Bard hath ſung,
Yet be thine immortal name
Inſpiration to my tongue!*

While the lingering moon delay'd
In the wilderneſs of night,
Ere the morn awoke the ſhade
Into lovelineſs and light:—

GALLIA's tigers, wild for blood,
Darted on our ſleeping fold;
Down the mountains, o'er the flood,
Dark as thunder-clouds they roll'd.

* *In the laſt and deciſive battle the* UNDERWALDERS *were overpowered by two French armies, which ruſhed upon them from the oppoſite mountains and ſurrounded their camp, while an aſſault at the ſame time was made upon them from the Lake.*

By the trumpet's voice alarm'd,
All the valley burſt awake;
All were in a moment arm'd
From the barriers to the lake.

—In that valley, on that ſhore,
When the graves give up their dead,
At the trumpet's voice once more
Shall thoſe ſlumberers quit their bed!

For the glen that gave them birth
Hides their aſhes in its womb:
O 'tis venerable earth,
Freedom's cradle, Freedom's tomb!—

With ſuch deſolating ſhocks,
Did the GAULS our camp aſſail,
As if UNDERWALDEN's rocks
Had been tumbling to the vale.

Then on every ſide begun
That unutterable fight;
Never roſe the aſtoniſh'd ſun
On ſo horrible a fight.

Once an Eagle of the rock,
('Twas an omen of our fate,)
Stoop'd, and from my ſcatter'd flock
Bore a lambkin to his mate.

While the Parents fed their young,
Lo! a cloud of Vultures lean,
By voracious famine ſtung,
Wildly-ſcreaming ruſh'd between.

Fiercely fought the eagle-twain,
Though by multitudes oppreſt,
Till their little ones were ſlain,
Till they periſh'd on their neſt.

More unequal was the fray,
Which our band of brethren waged;
More infatiate o'er their prey,
GAUL's remorfelefs vultures raged.

In innumerable waves,
Swoln with fury, grim with blood,
Headlong roll'd the hordes of flaves,
And ingulph'd us with a flood.

In the whirlpool of that flood,
Firm in fortitude divine,
Like the' eternal rocks, we ftodd,
In the cataract of the Rhine.*

Till by tenfold force affail'd,
In a hurricane of fire,
When at length our phalanx fail'd,
Then our courage blazed the higher.

* *At* SCHAFFHAUSEN,——*See* COXE's *Travels.*

Broken into feeble bands,
Fighting in diſſever'd parts,
Weak and weaker grew our hands,
Strong and ſtronger ſtill our hearts.

Fierce amid the loud alarms,
Shouting in the foremoſt fray,
Children raiſed their little arms
In their country's evil day.

On their country's dying bed,
Wives and huſbands pour'd their breath;
Many a Youth and Maiden bled,
Married at thine altar, Death!*

* *In this miſerable conflict, many of the Women and Children of the* UNDERWALDERS *fought in the ranks, by their Huſbands and Fathers and Friends, and fell gloriouſly for their Country.*

Wildly ſcatter'd o'er the plain,
Bloodier ſtill the battle grew :—
O ye Spirits of the ſlain !
Slain on thoſe your prowefs flew:

Who ſhall now your deeds relate?
Ye that fell unwept, unknown ;
Mourning for your country's fate,
But rejoicing in your own !

Virtue, valour, nought avail'd
With ſo mercileſs a foe ;
When the nerves of heroes fail'd,
Cowards then could ſtrike a blow.

Cold and keen the' aſſaſſin's blade
Smote the father to the ground,
Thro' the infant's breaſt convey'd
To the Mother's heart a wound !*

* *An indiſcriminate maſſacre followed the battle.*

UNDERWALDEN thus expired,
But at her expiring flame,
With fraternal feeling fired,
Lo, a band of SWITZERS came.*

From the ſteeps beyond the lake,
Like a Winter's weight of ſnow,
When the huge Lavanges break,
Devaſtating all below;—†

Down they ruſh'd with headlong might,
Swifter than the panting wind;
All before them fear and flight!
Death and ſilence all behind!

* *Two hundred ſelf-devoted heroes from the Canton of* SWITZ *arrived, at the cloſe of the battle, to the aid of their Brethren of* UNDERWALDEN,—*and periſhed to a man, after having ſlain thrice their number.*

† *The* LAVANGES *are tremendous torrents of melting ſnow, that tumble from the tops of the Alps, and deluge all the Country before them.*

How the foreſt of the foe
Bow'd before their thunder ſtrokes!
When they laid the cedars low;
When they overwhelm'd the oaks!

Thus they hew'd their dreadful way;
Till by numbers forced to yield,
Terrible in death they lay,
Like the' AVENGERS OF THE FIELD!"

END OF THE THIRD PART.

THE

WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

Part IV.

The WANDERER *relates the circumſtances attending the death of* ALBERT.

Shep. "PLEDGE the memory of the Brave,
And the Spirits of the Dead;
Pledge the venerable Grave,
Valour's conſecrated bed.

Wanderer! this delicious cup,
This inſpiring goblet take;
Drink the beverage, drink it up,
For thy martyr'd brethren's ſake."

Wand. "Hail!—all hail! the Patriot's grave,
Valour's venerable bed!
Hail! the memory of the Brave,
And the Spirits of the dead!

Time their triumphs ſhall proclaim,
And their rich reward be this,
—Immortality of fame!
Immortality of bliſs!"

Shep. "On that melancholy plain,
In that conflict of deſpair,
How was noble ALBERT ſlain?
How didſt thou, old Warrior! fare?"

Wand. "In the agony of ſtrife,
Where the heart of battle bled,
Where his Country loſt her life,
Glorious ALBERT bow'd his head.

When our phalanx broke away,
And our ſtouteſt ſoldiers fell,
—Where the dark rocks dimm'd the day,
Scowling o'er the deepeſt dell;

There like Lions, old in blood,
Lions rallying round their den,
ALBERT and his warriors ſtood;
We were few, but we were men!

Breaſt to breaſt we fought the ground,
Arm to arm repell'd the foe;
Every motion was a wound,
And a death was every blow.

Thus the clouds of ſunſet beam
Warmer with expiring light;
Thus autumnal meteors ſtream
Redder thro' the darkening night.

Miracles our champions wrought;
Who their dying deeds ſhall tell!
O how glorioufly they fought!
How triumphantly they fell!

One by one gave up the ghoſt,
Slain, not conquer'd,—they died free!
ALBERT ſtood,—himſelf an hoſt!
Laſt of all the Swiſs was He!

So when Night, with riſing ſhade,
Climbs the Alps from ſteep to ſteep;
Till in hoary gloom array'd,
All the giant-mountains ſleep;—

High in heaven their Monarch* ſtands,
Bright and beauteous from afar,
Shining into diſtant lands,
Like a new-created ſtar.

* *MONT BLANC;—which is ſo much higher than the ſurrounding Alps, that it catches and retains the beams of the*

While I ſtruggled thro' the fight,
ALBERT was my ſword and ſhield;
Till ſtrange horror quench'd my ſight,
And I fainted on the field.

Slow awakening from that trance,
When my ſoul return'd to day,
Vaniſh'd were the fiends of France,
—But in ALBERT's blood I lay!

Slain for me, his deareſt breath
On my lips he did reſign;
Slain for me, he ſnatch'd his death
From the blow that menaced mine.

Sun twenty minutes *earlier and later than they,—and crowned with eternal ice, may be ſeen from an immenſe diſtance, purpling with his eaſtern light, or crimſoned with his ſetting glory, while miſt and obſcurity reſt on the mountains below.*

He had raiſed his dying head,
And was gazing on my face;
As I woke,—the ſpirit fled,
But I *felt* his laſt embrace."

Shep. "Man of ſuffering! ſuch a tale
Would wring tears from marble eyes!"

Wand. "—Ha! my daughter's cheek grows pale!"

W.'s Wife.—"Help, O help! my daughter dies!"

Wand. "Calm thy tranſports, O my Wife!
Peace! for theſe ſweet orphans' ſake!"

W.'s Wife.—O my joy! my hope! my life!
O my child! my child! awake!"

Wand. "GOD! O GOD! whoſe goodneſs gives;
GOD! whoſe wiſdom takes away;
Spare my Child!"

Shep. ——————"She lives! ſhe lives!"

Wand. "Lives?—my Daughter! didſt thou ſay?

GOD ALMIGHTY! on my knees,
In the duſt will I adore
Thine unſearchable decrees;
—She was dead!—ſhe lives once more!

W.'s Daughter.—"When poor ALBERT died, no prayer
Call'd him back to hated life:
O that I had periſh'd there,
Not his widow, but his wife!"

Wand. "Dare my Daughter thus repine?
ALBERT! anſwer from above;
Tell me,——are theſe infants thine,
Whom their Mother does not love?

W.'s Dtr. "Does not love!—my Father! hear,
Hear me, or my heart will break;
Dear is life, but only dear,
For your ſervice and their ſake.

Bow'd to Heaven's myſterious will,
I am worthy yet of you:
Yes!——I am a Mother ſtill,
Though I feel a Widow too!

Wand. "Mother! Widow! Daughter!—all,
All kind names in one,—my Child!
On thy faithful neck I fall;
Kiſs me,——are we reconciled?"

W.'s Dtr. "Yes! to ALBERT I appeal;
ALBERT! anſwer from above,
That my Father's breaſt may feel
All his Daughter's heart of love."

Shep.'s Wife.—"Faint and way-worn as they be
With the day's long journey, Sire!
Let thy pilgrim family
Now with me to reſt retire."

Wand. "Yes, the hour invites to ſleep;
Till the morrow we muſt part;
—Nay, my Daughter! do not weep,
Do not weep, and break my heart.

Sorrow-ſoothing, ſweet repoſe
On your peaceful pillows light;
Angel-hands your eyelids cloſe;
And God bleſs you all!—good night!

END OF THE FOURTH PART.

THE

WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

Part V.

The WANDERER *being left alone with the* SHEPHERD, *relates his adventures after the battle of* UNDERWALDEN.

Shep. "WHEN the good man yields his breath,
For the good man never dies,
Bright beyond the gulph of death,
Lo! the Land of Promise lies.

Peace to ALBERT's awful shade,
In that land where sorrows cease!
And to ALBERT's ashes, laid
In the earth's cold bosom, Peace!"

Wand. "On the fatal field I lay
Till the hour, when twilight pale,
Like the ghoſt of dying day,
Wander'd down the darkening vale.

Then in agony I roſe,
And with horror look'd around,
Where embracing, friends and foes,
Dead and dying, ſtrew'd the ground.

Many a widow fix'd her eye,
Weeping, where her huſband bled,
Heedleſs, though her babe was by
Prattling to his father dead.

Many a Mother, in deſpair,
Turning up the ghaſtly ſlain,
Sought her ſon, her hero there,
—Whom ſhe long'd to ſeek in vain!

Dark the evening ſhadows roll'd
On the eye that gleam'd in death;
And the evening-dews fell cold
On the lip that gaſp'd for breath.

As I gazed, an ancient Dame,
—She was *childleſs* by her look!—
With refreſhing cordials came;
Of her bounty I partook.

Then, with deſperation bold,
ALBERT'S precious corpſe I bore
On theſe ſhoulders weak and old,
Bow'd with miſery before.

ALBERT'S Angel gave me ſtrength,
As I ſtagger'd down the glen;
And I hid my charge at length
In its wildeſt, deepeſt den.

Then returning through the ſhade
To the battle-ſcene, I ſought
'Mongſt the ſlain, an axe and ſpade;
—With ſuch weapons FREEMEN fought.

Scythes for ſwords our youth did wield
In that execrable ſtrife:
Ploughſhares, in that horrid field,
Bled with ſlaughter, breathed with life!

In a dark and lonely cave,
While the glimmering moon aroſe,
Thus I dug my ALBERT's grave;
—There his hallow'd limbs repoſe.

Tears then, tears too long repreſt,
Guſh'd;—they fell like healing balm,
Till the whirlwind in my breaſt
Died into a dreary calm.

On the freſh earth's humid bed,
Where my Martyr lay enſhrined,
This forlorn, unhappy head,
Crazed with anguiſh, I reclined.

But while o'er my weary eyes,
Soothing ſlumber ſeem'd to creep,
Forth I ſprang, with ſtrange ſurprize,
From the claſping arms of ſleep.

For the bones of ALBERT dead
Heaved the turf with horrid throes,
And his grave, beneath my head,
Burſt aſunder;——ALBERT roſe.

"Ha! my Son!—my Son!"—I cried;
"Wherefore haſt thou left thy grave?"
—"Fly, my Father!"— he replied;
"Save my wife,—my children ſave!"—

In the paſſing of a breath,
This tremendous ſcene was o'er;
Darkneſs ſhut the gates of Death,
Silence ſeal'd them as before.

One pale moment fix'd I ſtood
In aſtoniſhment ſevere:
Horror petrified my blood,
I was wither'd up with fear.

Then a ſudden trembling came
O'er my limbs; I felt on fire,
Burning, quivering, like a flame
In the inſtant to expire."

Shep. "Rather like the mountain-oak,
Tempeſt-ſhaken, rooted faſt,
Graſping ſtrength from every ſtroke,
While it wreſtles with the blaſt."

Wand. "Aye!—my heart, unwont to yield,
Quickly quell'd the ſtrange affright,
And undaunted o'er the field,
I began my lonely flight.

Loud the guſty night-wind blew;
Many an awful pauſe between;
Fits of light and darkneſs flew,
Wild and ſudden, o'er the ſcene.

For the moon's reſplendent eye
Gleams of tranſient glory ſhed;
And the clouds athwart the ſky,
Like a routed army fled.

Sounds and voices fill'd the vale,
Heard alternate, loud and low;
Shouts of victory ſwell'd the gale,
But the breezes murmur'd woe.

As I climb'd the mountain's side,
Where the lake and valley meet,
All my country's power and pride
Lay in ruins at my feet.

On that grim and ghastly plain,
UNDERWALDEN'S heart-strings broke,
When she saw her heroes slain,
And her rocks receive the yoke.

On that plain, in childhood's hours,
From their Mothers' arms set free
Oft those heroes gather'd flowers,
Often chaced the wandering bee.

On that plain, in rosy youth,
They had fed their fathers' flocks,
Told their love, and pledged their truth,
In the shadow of those rocks.

There with ſhepherd's pipe and ſong,
In the merry-mingling dance,
Once they led their brides along,
Now!——Perdition ſeize thee, France!"

Shep. "Heard not Heaven the' accuſing cries
Of the blood that ſmoked around;
While the life-warm ſacrifice
Palpitated on the ground?"

Wand. "Wrath in ſilence heaps his ſtore
To confound the guilty foe;
But the thunder will not roar,
Till the flaſh has ſtruck the blow.

Vengeance, Vengeance will not ſtay!
It ſhall burſt on GALLIA's head,
Sudden as the judgment-day
To the unexpecting dead.

From the Revolution's flood,
Shall a fiery Dragon ſtart;
He ſhall drink his Mother's blood,
He ſhall eat his Father's heart:—

Nurſt by Anarchy and Crime,
He,——but diſtance mocks my ſight:
—O thou great avenger, TIME!
Bring thy ſtrangeſt Birth to light."[2]

Shep. "Prophet! thou haſt ſpoken well,
And I deem thy words divine:
Now the mournful ſequel tell
Of thy country's woes and thine."[2]

Wand. "Though the moon's bewilder'd bark,
By the midnight tempeſt toſt,
In a ſea of vapours dark,
In a gulph of clouds was loſt:—

Yet my journey I purſued,
Climbing many a weary ſteep,
Whence the cloſing ſcene I view'd
With an eye, that would not weep.

STANTZ,—a melancholy pyre!
And her hamlets blazed behind,
With ten thouſand tongues of fire,
Writhing, raging in the wind.*

Flaming piles, where'er I turn'd,
Caſt a grim and dreadful light;
Like funereal lamps they burn'd
In the ſepulchre of night:—

* *The town of* STANTZ, *and the ſurrounding Villages, were burnt by the French, on the night after the battle of* UNDERWALDEN, *and the beautiful valley was converted into a wilderneſs.*

While the red illumined flood,
With a hoarſe and hollow roar,
Seem'd a lake of living blood,
Wildly weltering on the ſhore.

'Midſt the mountains, far away,
Soon I ſpied the ſacred ſpot,
Whence a ſlow-conſuming ray
Glimmer'd from my native cot.

At the ſight my brain was fired,
And afreſh my heart's wounds bled:
Still I gazed;——the ſpark expired,
Nature ſeem'd extinct!—I fled:—

Fled, and ere the noon of day,
Reach'd the lonely Goatherd's neſt,
Where my wife, my children lay:
—Huſband!—Father!——think the reſt."

END OF THE FIFTH PART.

THE

WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

Part VI.

THE WANDERER informs THE SHEPHERD, that, after the example of many of his Countrymen flying from the tyranny of FRANCE, it is his intention to settle in some remote Province of America.

Shep. "WANDERER! whither wouldst thou roam?

To what region far away,

Bend thy steps to find an home,

In the twilight of thy day?"

Wand. "In the twilight of my day,

I am hastening to the west;

There my weary limbs to lay,

Where the sun retires to rest.

Far beyond the' Atlantic floods,
Stretch'd beneath the evening ſky,
Realms of mountains, dark with woods,
In COLUMBIA's boſom lie.

There in glens and caverns rude,
Silent ſince the world began,
Dwells the Virgin Solitude,
Unbetray'd by faithleſs man:

Where a tyrant never trod,
Where a ſlave was never known,
But where Nature worſhips GOD
In the wilderneſs alone:—

Thither, thither would I roam;
There my children may be free;
—I for them will find an home,
They ſhall find a grave for me.

Though my fathers' bones afar
In their native land repoſe,
Yet beneath the twilight ſtar
Soft on mine the turf ſhall cloſe.

Though the mould that wraps my clay,
When this ſtorm of life is o'er,
Never,—never,—never lay
On a human breaſt before:—

Yet in ſweet communion there,
When ſhe follows to the dead,
Shall my boſom's partner ſhare
Her poor huſband's lowly bed.

ALBERT's babes ſhall deck our tomb,
And my daughter's duteous tears
Bid the flowery hillock bloom,
Thro' the winter-waſte of years.

Shep. "Time! thy chariot-wheels delay;
Death! unſtring thy bended bow;
Sun! forget to bring the day,
Which ſhall lay the WANDERER low!"

Wand. "Though our Parent periſh'd here,
Like the Phœnix on her neſt,
Lo! new-fledged her wings appear,
Hovering in the golden weſt.

Thither ſhall her ſons repair,
And beyond the roaring main,
Find their native country there,
Find their SWITZERLAND again.

Mountains! can ye chain the will?
Ocean! canſt thou quench the heart?
No!—I feel my Country ſtill,
LIBERTY! where'er thou art.

Thus it was in hoary time,
When our fathers ſallied forth,
Full of confidence ſublime,
From the famine-waſted North.*

"Freedom in a land of rocks,
" Wild as Scandinavia, give,
" POWER ETERNAL!—where our flocks,
" And our little ones may live!"

* *There is a tradition among the* SWISS, *that they are deſcended from the ancient Scandinavians; among whom, in a remote age, there aroſe ſo grievous a famine, that it was determined in the Aſſembly of the Nation, that every tenth man and his family ſhould quit their country, and ſeek a new poſſeſſion. Six thouſand, choſen by lot, thus emigrated at once from the North. They prayed to* GOD *to conduct them to a land like their own, where they might dwell in freedom and quiet, finding food for their families and paſture for their cattle.* GOD, *ſays the tradition, led them to a Valley among the Alps, where they cleared away the foreſts, built the town of* SWITZ, *and afterwards peopled and cultivated the Cantons of* URI *and* UNDERWALDEN.

Thus they pray'd;——a ſecret hand
Led them, by a path unknown,
To that dear delightful land,
Which I yet muſt call my own.

To the Vale of SWITZ they came:
Soon their meliorating toil
Gave the foreſts to the flame,
And their aſhes to the ſoil.

Thence their ardent labours ſpread,
Till above the mountain-ſnows
Towering Beauty ſhew'd her head,
And a new creation roſe!

—So, in regions wild and wide,
We will pierce the ſavage woods,
Clothe the rocks in purple pride,
Plough the vallies, tame the floods.

Till a beauteous inland-isle,
By a forest-sea embraced,
Shall make Desolation smile
In the depth of his own waste.

There, unenvied and unknown,
We shall dwell secure and free,
In a country all our own,
In a land of Liberty!"

Shep. "Yet the woods, the rocks, the streams,
Unbeloved, shall bring to mind,
—Warm with Evening's purple beams,
Dearer objects left behind:

And thy native country's song,
Caroll'd in a foreign clime,
When new echoes shall prolong,
—Simple, tender and sublime:—

How will thy poor cheek turn pale!
And before thy baniſh'd eyes,
UNDERWALDEN's charming vale,
And thine own ſweet cottage riſe!"

Wand. —"By the glorious ghoſt of TELL!
By MORGARTHEN's awful fray!
By the field where ALBERT fell
In thy laſt and bitter day!

SOUL OF SWITZERLAND! ariſe:
——Ha! the ſpell has 'waked the dead
From her aſhes to the ſkies,
SWITZERLAND exalts her head.

See the Queen of Mountains ſtand,
In immortal mail complete,
With the lightning in her hand,
And the Alps beneath her feet.

Hark! her voice:—"My ſons! awake;
"Freedom dawns, behold the day!
"From the bed of bondage break,
"'Tis your Mother calls,—obey!"

At the ſound our fathers' graves,
On each ancient battle-plain,
Utter groans, and toſs like waves
When the wild blaſt ſweeps the main.

Riſe, my Brethren! caſt away
All the chains that bind you ſlaves;
Riſe,—your Mother's voice obey,
And appeaſe your fathers' graves.

Strike,—the conflict is begun;
Freemen! Soldiers! follow me;
Shout,——the Victory is won,—
SWITZERLAND AND LIBERTY!"

Shep. "Warrior! Warrior! ſtay thine arm!
Sheathe, O ſheathe thy frantic ſword!"

Wand. —"Ah! I rave!—I faint!—the charm
Flies,——and memory is reſtored!

Yes, to agony reſtored
From the too tranſporting charm:
Sleep forever, O my ſword!
Be thou wither'd, O mine arm!

SWITZERLAND is but a name!
——Yet I feel where'er I roam,
That my heart is ſtill the ſame;
SWITZERLAND is ſtill my home!"

END OF THE SIXTH AND LAST PART.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for thoſe who weep,
A reſt for weary Pilgrims found,
They ſoftly lie and ſweetly ſleep,
Low in the ground.

The ſtorm that wrecks the winter ſky,
No more diſturbs their deep repoſe,
Than ſummer evening's lateſt ſigh,
That ſhuts the roſe.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the ſoil,
To ſlumber in that dreamleſs bed
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild;
I perish;——O my Mother Earth!
Take home thy Child!

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind,
Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear;
My pulse,—my brain runs wild,—I rave:
—Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
——"I am THE GRAVE!

"The GRAVE, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide:
O listen!—I will speak no more:
Be silent, Pride!

"Art thou a WRETCH, of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

"Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast
And Ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

"Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, Fool! to find
A friend in me.

"By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell!
By the dread secrets of my womb!
By Death and Hell!

"I charge thee LIVE!—repent and pray;
In duſt thine infamy deplore;
There yet is mercy;——go thy way,
And ſin no more.

"Art thou a MOURNER?—Haſt thou known
The joy of innocent delights?
Endearing days forever flown,
And tranquil nights?

"O LIVE!——and deeply cheriſh ſtill
The ſweet remembrance of the paſt:
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at laſt.

"Art thou a WANDERER?—Haſt thou ſeen
O'erwhelming tempeſts drown thy bark?
A ſhipwreck'd Sufferer haſt thou been,
Miſfortune's mark?

"Though long of winds and waves the ſport,
Condemn'd in wretchedneſs to roam,
LIVE!—thou ſhalt reach a ſheltering port,
A quiet home.

"To FRIENDSHIP didſt thou truſt thy fame,
And was thy Friend a deadly foe,
Who ſtole into thy breaſt to aim
A ſurer blow?

"LIVE!—and repine not o'er his loſs,
A loſs unworthy to be told:
Thou haſt miſtaken ſordid droſs
For Friendſhip's gold.

"Go ſeek that treaſure, ſeldom found,
Of power the fierceſt griefs to calm,
And ſoothe the boſom's deepeſt wound
With heavenly balm.

"In WOMAN haſt thou placed thy bliſs,
And did the Fair One faithleſs prove?
Hath ſhe betray'd thee with a kiſs,
And ſold thy love?

"LIVE!—'twas a falſe bewildering fire,
Too often Love's inſidious dart
Thrills the fond ſoul with ſweet deſire,
But kills the heart.

A nobler flame ſhall warm thy breaſt,
A brighter Maiden's virtuous charms!
Bleſt ſhalt thou be, ſupremely bleſt,
In Beauty's arms.

"——Whate'er thy lot,—Whoe'er thou be,—
Confeſs thy folly,—kiſs the rod,
And in thy chaſtening ſorrows ſee
The hand of GOD.

"A bruiſed reed he will not break,
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's ſake,
He wounds to heal!

"Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Proſtrate his Providence adore:
'Tis done!—Ariſe! HE bids thee ſtand,
To fall no more.

"Now, Traveller in the vale of tears!
To realms of everlaſting light,
Through Time's dark wilderneſs of years,
Purſue thy flight.

"There IS a calm for thoſe who weep,
A reſt for weary Pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering aſhes ſleep,
Low in the ground;

"The Soul, of origin divine,
GOD'S glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal ſphere ſhall ſhine,
A ſtar of day!

"The SUN is but a ſpark of fire,
A tranſient meteor in the ſky;
The SOUL, immortal as its Sire,
SHALL NEVER DIE."

THE LYRE.

"AH! WHO WOULD LOVE THE LYRE!"

G. A. Stevens.

WHERE the roving rill meander'd
Down the green, retiring vale,
Poor, forlorn ALCÆUS wander'd,
Pale with thought, ſerenely pale:
Hopeleſs ſorrow, o'er his face
Breathed a melancholy grace,
And fix'd on every feature there
The mournful reſignation of deſpair.

O'er his arm, his lyre neglected,
Coldly, careleſsly he flung;
And, in ſpirit deep dejected,
Thus the penſive Poet ſung;
While, at midnight's ſolemn noon,
Sweetly ſhone the cloudleſs moon,
And all the ſtars, around his head,
Benignly bright, their mildeſt influence ſhed.

"Lyre! O, Lyre! my choſen treaſure,
"Solace of my bleeding heart;
"Lyre! O, Lyre! my only pleaſure,
"We muſt ever, ever part:
"'Tis in vain thy Poet ſings,
"Wooes in vain thine heavenly ſtrings,
"The Muſe's wretched Sons are born
"To cold neglect, and penury, and ſcorn.

" That which ALEXANDER ſigh'd for,
" That which CÆSAR's ſoul poſſeſs'd,
" That which Heroes, Kings have died for,
" Glory!—animates my breaſt:
" Hark! the charging trumpets' throats
" Pour their death-defying notes;
" To arms!" they call; to arms I fly,
" Like WOLFE to conquer—and like WOLFE to die!

" Soft!—the blood of murder'd legions
" Summons vengeance from the ſkies;
" Flaming towns, and ravaged regions,
" All in awful judgment riſe!
—" O then, innocently brave,
" I will wreſtle with the wave;
" Lo! Commerce ſpreads the daring ſail,
" And yokes her naval chariots to the gale.

" Blow ye breezes !—gently blowing,
" Waft me to that happy ſhore,
" Where, from fountains ever flowing,
" Indian realms their treaſures pour;
" Thence returning, poor in health,
" Rich in honeſty and wealth,
" O'er thee, my dear paternal ſoil!
" I'll ſtrew the golden harveſt of my toil.

" Then ſhall Miſery's ſons and daughters
" In their lowly dwellings ſing;
—" Bounteous as the Nile's dark waters,
" Undiſcover'd as their ſpring,
" I will ſcatter, o'er the land,
" Bleſſings with a ſecret hand;
—" For ſuch angelic taſks deſign'd,
" I give the Lyre and ſorrow to the wind."

On an oak, whofe branches hoary
Sigh'd to every paffing breeze,
Sigh'd, and told the fimple ftory
Of the patriarch of trees;
High in air his harp he hung,
Now no more to rapture ftrung;
Then warm in hope, no longer pale,
He blufh'd adieu, and rambled down the dale.

Lightly touch'd by fairy fingers,
Hark!—the Lyre enchants the wind;
Fond ALCÆUS liftens, lingers,
—Lingering, liftening, looks behind
Now the mufic mounts on high,
Sweetly fwelling through the fky;
To every tone, with tender heat,
His heart-ftrings vibrate, and his pulfes beat.

Now the ſtrains to ſilence ſtealing,
Soft in ecſtacies expire;
Oh! with what romantic feeling
Poor ALCÆUS graſps the Lyre!
Lo! his furious hand he ſlings,
In a tempeſt o'er the ſtrings;
He ſtrikes the chords ſo quick, ſo loud,
'Tis JOVE that ſcatters lightning from a cloud!

"Lyre! O, Lyre! my choſen treaſure,
"Solace of my bleeding heart;
"Lyre! O, Lyre! my only pleaſure,
—"We will never, never part!
"Glory, Commerce, now in vain,
"Tempt me to the field, the main;
"The Muſe's Sons are bleſt, tho' born
"To cold neglect, and penury, and ſcorn.

" What, tho' all the world neglect me,
" Shall my haughty soul repine?
" And shall poverty deject me,
" While this hallow'd lyre is mine?
" Heaven,—that o'er my helpless head,
" Many a wrathful vial shed,
—" Heaven gave this lyre!—and thus decreed,
" Be thou a *bruised*, but not a *broken* reed!"

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER.

AH! why, unfeeling WINTER! why
Still flags thy torpid wing?
Fly, melancholy Seaſon, fly,
And yield the year to SPRING.

SPRING,—the young cherubim of love,
An exile in diſgrace,—
Flits o'er the ſcene, like NOAH's dove,
Nor finds a reſting place.

When on the mountain's azure peak,
Alights her fairy form,
Cold blow the winds,—and dark and bleak,
Around her rolls the ſtorm.

If to the valley ſhe repair
For ſhelter and defence,
Thy wrath purſues the mourner there,
And drives her, weeping, thence.

She ſeeks the brook—the faithleſs brook,
Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magic of thy look,
And lingers into ſtone.

She wooes her embryo-flowers in vain,
To rear their infant heads;
—Deaf to her voice, her flowers remain
Enchanted in their beds.

In vain ſhe bids the trees expand
Their green luxuriant charms;
—Bare in the wilderneſs they ſtand,
And ſtretch their withering arms.

Her favourite birds, in feeble notes,
  Lament thy long delay;
And ſtrain their little ſtammering throats,
  To charm thy blaſts away.

Ah! WINTER, calm thy cruel rage,
  Releaſe the ſtruggling year;
Thy power is paſt, decrepid Sage!
  Ariſe and diſappear.

The ſtars that graced thy ſplendid night
  Are loſt in warmer rays;
The Sun, rejoicing in his might,
  Unrolls celeſtial days.

Then why, uſurping WINTER, why
  Still flags thy frozen wing?
Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly—
  And yield the year to Spring!

SONG.

ROUND LOVE'S Elyſian bowers,
The ſofteſt proſpects riſe;
There bloom the ſweeteſt flowers,
There ſhine the pureſt ſkies,
And joy and rapture gild awhile
The cloudleſs heaven of BEAUTY'S ſmile.

Round LOVE'S deſerted bowers
Tremendous rocks ariſe;
Cold mildews blight the flowers,
Tornadoes rend the ſkies,
And PLEASURE'S waning moon goes down
Amid the night of BEAUTY'S frown.

Then YOUTH, thou fond believer!
The wily Syren ſhun:
Who truſts the dear Deceiver
Will ſurely be undone!
When BEAUTY triumphs, ah! beware,
—Her ſmile is hope!—her frown deſpair!

THE FOWLER.

A SONG;

ALTERED FROM A GERMAN AIR, IN THE OPERA OF "DIE ZAUBERFLÔTE," SET TO MUSIC BY MOZART.

A CARELESS, whiſtling Lad am I,
On ſky-lark wings my moments fly;
There's not a FOWLER more renown'd
In all the world—for ten miles round!
Ah! who like me can ſpread the net?
Or tune the merry flageolet?
Then, why, O! why ſhould I repine,
Since all the roving birds are mine?

The thrush and linnet in the vale,
The sweet sequester'd nightingale,
The bullfinch, wren and woodlark, all
Obey my summons when I call:
O! could I form some cunning snare
To catch the coy, coquetting fair,
In CUPID's filmy web so fine,
The pretty girls should all be mine!

When all were mine,—among the rest,
I'd chuse the Lass I liked the best,
And should my charming mate be kind,
And smile, and kiss me to my mind,
With her I'd tie the nuptial knot,
Make HYMEN's cage of my poor cot,
And love away this fleeting life,
Like Robin Redbreast and his wife!

SONG;

WRITTEN FOR A CONVIVIAL SOCIETY, WHOSE MOTTO WAS "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH."

WHEN "Friendſhip, Love and Truth" abound
Among a band of BROTHERS,
The cup of joy goes gayly round,
Each ſhares the bliſs of others:
Sweet roſes grace the thorny way
Along this vale of ſorrow;
The flowers that ſhed their leaves to day,
Shall bloom again tomorrow:
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH!"

On Halcyon wings our moments paſs,
Life's cruel cares beguiling;
Old TIME lays down his ſcythe and glaſs,
In gay good humour ſmiling:

With ermine beard and forelock grey,
His reverend front adorning,
He looks like Winter turn'd to May,
Night ſoften'd into Morning!
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH!"

From theſe delightful fountains flow
Ambroſial rills of pleaſure;
Can man deſire, can heaven beſtow
A more reſplendent treaſure?
Adorn'd with gems ſo richly bright,
We'll form a Conſtellation,
Where every Star, with modeſt light,
Shall gild his proper ſtation.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH!"

RELIGION.

AN OCCASIONAL HYMN.

THRO' ſhades and ſolitudes profound,
The fainting traveller winds his way;
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet aſtray:

Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye,
The ſudden moon's inſpiring light,
When forth ſhe ſallies thro' the ſky,
The guardian Angel of the night!

Thus mortals blind and weak, below
Purſue the phantom Bliſs, in vain;
The world's a wilderneſs of woe,
And life a pilgrimage of pain!

N.

Till mild RELIGION, from above,
Deſcends, a ſweet engaging form,
The meſſenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promiſe in a ſtorm!

Then guilty paſſions wing their flight,
Sorrow, remorſe, affliction ceaſe;
RELIGION's yoke is ſoft and light,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

Ambition, pride, revenge depart,
And folly flies her chaſtening rod;
She makes the humble contrite heart,
A temple of the living GOD.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celeſtial ages roll,
To ſcenes eternal, ſcenes ſublime,
She points the way and leads the ſoul.

At her approach the Grave appears
  The Gate of Paradiſe reſtored;
Her voice the watching Cherub hears,
  And drops his double-flaming ſword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,
  May we the crown of glory gain;
Riſe when the Hoſt of Heaven expire,
  And reign with God, for ever reign.

"THE JOY OF GRIEF."

OSSIAN.

SWEET the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely ſigh;
And the tear of reſignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion
Tremble through your troubled breaſt;
Soft as evening o'er the ocean,
When ſhe charms the waves to reſt?

Have you loſt a friend, a brother?
Heard a father's parting breath?
Gazed upon a lifeleſs mother,
Till ſhe ſeem'd to wake from death?

Have you felt a ſpouſe expiring
In your arms, beſore your view?
Watch'd the lovely ſoul retiring
From her eyes, that broke on you?

Did not grief then grow romantic,
Raving on remember'd bliſs?
Did you not, with fervour frantic,
Kiſs the lips that felt no kiſs?

Yes! but, when you had reſign'd her,
Life and you were reconciled;
ANNA left—ſhe left behind her,
One, one dear, one only child.

But before the green moſs peeping,
His poor mother's grave array'd,
In that grave, the infant ſleeping
On the mother's lap was laid.

Horror then, your heart congealing,
Chill'd you with intenſe deſpair;
Can you recollect the feeling?
No! there was no feeling there!

From that gloomy trance of ſorrow,
When you woke to pangs unknown,
How unwelcome was the morrow,
For it roſe on YOU ALONE!

Sunk in ſelf-conſuming anguiſh,
Can the poor heart always ache?
No, the tortured nerve will languiſh,
Or the ſtrings of life muſt break.

O'er the yielding brow of ſadneſs,
One faint ſmile of comfort ſtole;
One ſoft pang of tender gladneſs
Exquiſitely thrill'd your ſoul.

While the wounds of woe are healing,
  While the heart is all refign'd,
'Tis the folemn feaft of feeling,
  'Tis the fabbath of the mind.

Penfive memory then retraces
  Scenes of blifs for ever fled,
Lives in former times and places,
  Holds communion with the dead.

And, when night's prophetic flumbers
  Rend the veil to mortal eyes,
From their tombs, the fainted numbers
  Of our loft companions rife.

You have feen a friend, a brother,
  Heard a dear dead father fpeak;
Proved the fondnefs of a mother,
  Felt her tears upon your cheek!

Dreams of love your grief beguiling,
You have claſp'd a conſort's charms,
And received your infant ſmiling
From his mother's ſacred arms.

Trembling, pale, and agonizing,
While you mourn'd the viſion gone,
Bright the morning ſtar ariſing
Open'd heaven, from whence it ſhone.

Thither all your wiſhes bending
Roſe in extacy ſublime,
Thither all your hopes aſcending
Triumph'd over death and time.

Thus afflicted, bruiſed and broken,
Have you known ſuch ſweet relief?
Yes, my friend! and, by this token,
You have felt "THE JOY OF GRIEF."*

THE

BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

*** At Thebes, in ancient Egypt, was erected a ſtatue of Memnon, with an harp in his hand, which is ſaid to have hailed with delightful muſic the riſing ſun, and in melancholy tones to have mourned his departure. The introduction of this celebrated Lyre, on a modern occaſion, will be cenſured as an Anachroniſm by thoſe only, who think that its chords have been touched unſkilfully.

HARP of MEMNON! ſweetly ſtrung
To the muſic of the ſpheres;
While the Hero's dirge is ſung,
Breathe enchantment to our ears.

As the ſun's deſcending beams,
Glancing o'er thy feeling wire,
Kindle every chord, that gleams
Like a ray of heavenly fire:

O.

Let thy numbers, ſoft and flow,
O'er the plain with carnage ſpread,
Soothe the dying, while they flow
To the memory of the dead.

Bright as VENUS, newly born,
Bluſhing at her maiden charms;
Freſh from ocean roſe the Morn,
When the trumpet blew to arms.

O that Time had ſtay'd his flight,
Ere that Morning left the main;
Fatal as the EGYPTIAN night,
When the eldeſt born were ſlain!

Laſh'd to madneſs by the wind,
As the Red-ſea-ſurges roar,
Leave a gloomy gulph behind,
And devour the ſhrinking ſhore:

Thus, with overwhelming pride,
GALLIA's brighteſt, boldeſt boaſt,
In a deep and dreadful tide,
Roll'd upon the BRITISH hoſt.

Dauntleſs theſe their ſtation held,
Though, with unextinguiſh'd ire,
GALLIA's legions, thrice repell'd,
Thrice return'd through blood and fire.

Thus, above the ſtorms of time,
Towering to the ſacred ſpheres,
Stand the Pyramids ſublime,
—Rocks amid the flood of years!

Now the Veteran CHIEF drew nigh;
Conqueſt cowering on his creſt,
Valour beaming from his eye,
Pity bleeding in his breaſt.

BRITAIN saw him thus advance,
In her Guardian-Angel's form;
But he lower'd on hostile FRANCE,
Like the Dæmon of the Storm.

On the whirlwind of the war,
High he rode in vengeance dire;
To his friends a leading star,
To his foes consuming fire.

Then the mighty pour'd their breath,
Slaughter feasted on the brave;
'Twas the Carnival of Death!
'Twas the Vintage of the Grave!

Charged with ABERCROMBIE'S doom,
Lightning wing'd a cruel ball:
'Twas the Herald of the Tomb,
And the HERO felt the call.

Felt—and raiſed his arm on high,
  Victory well the ſignal knew,
Darted from his awful eye,
  And the force of FRANCE o'erthrew.

But the horrors of that fight,
  Were the weeping MUSE to tell;
O 'twould cleave the womb of night,
  And awake the dead that fell!

Gaſh'd with honourable ſcars,
  Low in Glory's lap they lie:
Though they fell, they fell like ſtars,
  Streaming ſplendour through the ſky.

Yet ſhall Memory mourn that day,
  When with expectation pale,
Of her ſoldier far away,
  The poor widow hears the tale.

In imagination wild,
She ſhall wander o'er this plain;
Rave,—and bid her orphan child,
Seek his fire among the ſlain.

Gently, from the Weſtern deep,
O ye evening breezes riſe!
O'er the Lyre of MEMNON ſweep,
Wake its ſpirit with your ſighs.

Harp of MEMNON! ſweetly ſtrung
To the muſic of the ſpheres;
While the Hero's dirge is ſung,
Breathe enchantment to our ears.

Let thy numbers ſoft and ſlow,
O'er the plain with carnage ſpread,
Soothe the dying, while they flow
To the memory of the dead.

None but ſolemn, tender tones,
  Tremble from thy plaintive wires;
Hark!—the wounded WARRIOR groans!
  Huſh thy warbling,—he expires.

Huſh!—while Sorrow wakes and weeps:
  O'er his relicks cold and pale,
Night her ſilent vigil keeps,
  In a mournful moonlight veil.

Harp of MEMNON! from afar
  Ere the lark ſalute the ſky,
Watch the riſing of the ſtar,
  That proclaims the morning nigh.

Soon the ſun's aſcending rays,
  In a flood of hallow'd fire,
O'er thy kindling chords ſhall blaze,
  And thy magic ſoul inſpire.

Then thy tones triumphant pour,
  Let them pierce the Hero's grave;
Life's tumultuous battle o'er,
  O how ſweetly ſleep the brave!

From the duſt their laurels bloom,
  High they ſhoot, and flouriſh free;
Glory's temple is the tomb!
  Death is immortality!

THE PILLOW.

THE head that oft this PILLOW preſs'd,
That aching head, is gone to reſt;
It's little pleaſures now no more,
And all its mighty ſorrows o'er,
For ever, in the worm's dark bed,
For ever ſleeps that humble head!

MY FRIEND was young, the world was new;
The world was falſe, MY FRIEND was true;
Lowly his lot, his birth obſcure,
His fortune hard, MY FRIEND was poor;

To wiſdom he had no pretence,
A child of ſuffering, not of ſenſe;
For NATURE never did impart
A weaker head, a warmer heart.
His fervent ſoul, a ſoul of flame,
Conſumed its frail terreſtrial frame;
That fire from Heaven ſo fiercely burn'd,
That whence it came it ſoon return'd:
And yet, O PILLOW! yet to me,
My gentle FRIEND ſurvives in thee,
In thee, the partner of his bed,
In thee, the widow of the dead!

On HELICON's inſpiring brink,
Ere yet MY FRIEND had learn'd to think,
Once as he paſs'd the careleſs day
Among the whiſpering reeds at play,
The MUSE OF SORROW wander'd by;
Her penſive beauty fix'd his eye;

With ſweet aſtoniſhment he ſmiled;
The Gipſey ſaw—ſhe ſtole the child;
And ſoft on her ambroſial breaſt
Sang the delighted babe to reſt,
Convey'd him to her inmoſt grove,
And loved him with a Mother's love.
Awakening from his roſy nap,
And gayly ſporting on her lap,
His wanton fingers o'er her lyre
Twinkled like electric fire;
Quick and quicker as they flew,
Sweet and ſweeter tones they drew:
Now a bolder hand he flings,
And dives among the deepeſt ſtrings;
Then forth the muſic brake like thunder;
Back he ſtarted, wild with wonder!
The MUSE OF SORROW wept for joy,
And claſp'd and kiſs'd her choſen boy.

Ah! then no more his ſmiling hours
Were ſpent in Childhood's Eden-bowers,
The fall from Infant-innocence,
The fall to knowledge, drives us thence:
O knowledge! worthleſs at the price,
Bought with the loſs of PARADISE!
As happy ignorance declined,
And reaſon roſe upon his mind,
Romantic hopes and fond deſires
(Sparks of the ſoul's immortal fires!)
Kindled within his breaſt the rage
To breathe thro' every future age,
To claſp the flitting ſhade of fame,
To build an everlaſting name,
O'erleap the narrow vulgar ſpan
And live beyond the life of man!

Then NATURE's charms his heart poſſeſs'd,
And NATURE's glory fill'd his breaſt:

The ſweet Spring-morning's infant rays,
Meridian Summer's youthful blaze,
Maturer Autumn's evening mild,
And hoary Winter's midnight wild,
Awoke his eye, inſpired his tongue;
For every ſcene he loved, he ſung.
Rude were his ſongs, and "filly ſooth,"
Till Boyhood bloſſom'd into Youth:
Then nobler themes his fancy fired,
To bolder flights his ſoul aſpired;
And as the New-Moon's opening eye
Broadens and brightens thro' the ſky,
From the dim ſtreak of weſtern light
To the full orb that rules the night:
Thus, gathering luſtre in its race,
And ſhining thro' infinite ſpace,
From earth to heaven his GENIUS ſoar'd,
Time and eternity explored,

And hail'd, where'er its footſteps trod,
In NATURE's temple, NATURE's GOD:
Or pierced the human breaſt to ſcan
The hidden majeſty of Man;
Man's hidden weakneſs too deſcried,
His glory, grandeur,—meanneſs, pride;
Purſued, along their erring courſe,
The ſtreams of paſſion to their ſource;
Or in the mind's creation ſought
New ſtars of fancy, worlds of thought!
——Yet ſtill thro' all his ſtrains would flow
A tone of uncomplaining woe,
Kind as the tear in Pity's eye,
Soft as the ſlumbering Infant's ſigh,
So ſweetly, exquiſitely wild,
It ſpake the MUSE OF SORROW's child.

O PILLOW! then, when light withdrew,
To thee the fond Enthuſiaſt flew;

On thee, in penſive mood reclined,
He pour'd his contemplative mind,
Till o'er his eyes, with mild controul,
Sleep like a ſoft enchantment ſtole,
Charm'd into life his airy ſchemes,
And realized his waking dreams.

Soon from thoſe waking dreams he woke,
The fairy ſpell of fancy broke;
In vain he breathed a ſoul of fire
Thro' every chord that ſtrung his lyre,
No friendly echo cheer'd his tongue,
Amidſt the wilderneſs he ſung;
Louder and bolder Bards were crown'd,
Whoſe diſſonance his muſic drown'd:
The Public ear, the Public voice,
Deſpiſed his ſong, denied his choice,
Denied a name,—a life in death,
Denied—a bubble and a breath.

Stript of his fondeſt, deareſt claim,
And diſinherited of fame,
To thee, O PILLOW! thee alone,
He made his ſilent anguiſh known;
His haughty ſpirit ſcorn'd the blow,
That laid his high ambition low;
But ah! his looks aſſumed in vain
A cold ineffable diſdain,
While deep he cheriſh'd in his breaſt
The ſcorpion that conſumed his reſt.

Yet other ſecret griefs had he,
O PILLOW! only told to thee:
Say, did not hopeleſs love intrude
On his poor boſom's ſolitude?
Perhaps on thy ſoft lap reclined,
In dreams the cruel FAIR was kind,
That he might more intenſely know
The bitterneſs of waking woe?

Whate'er thoſe pangs from me conceal'd,
To thee in midnight groans reveal'd;
They ſtung remembrance to deſpair;
"A wounded Spirit who can bear!"
Meanwhile diſeaſe, with ſlow decay,
Moulder'd his feeble frame away;
And as his evening ſun declined
The ſhadows deepen'd o'er his mind.
What doubts and terrors then poſſeſs'd
The dark dominion of his breaſt!
How did delirious fancy dwell
On Madneſs, Suicide, and Hell!
There was on earth no POWER to ſave:
——But, as he ſhudder'd o'er the grave,
He ſaw from realms of light deſcend
The Friend of him who has no friend,
RELIGION!——Her almighty breath
Rebuked the winds and waves of death;

She bade the ſtorm of frenzy ceaſe,
And ſmiled a calm, and whiſper'd peace;
Amidſt that calm of ſweet repoſe,
To HEAVEN his gentle Spirit roſe.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JOSEPH BROWNE,

OF LOTHERSDALE,

One of the People called Quakers,

WHO HAD SUFFERED A LONG CONFINEMENT IN THE CASTLE OF YORK, AND LOSS OF ALL HIS WORLDLY PROPERTY, FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE.

"SPIRIT leave thine houſe of clay;
Lingering Duſt reſign thy breath!
Spirit caſt thy chains away;
Duſt be thou diſſolved in death!"

Thus thy GUARDIAN ANGEL ſpoke,
As he watch'd thy dying bed;
As the bonds of life he broke,
And the ranſom'd Captive fled.

"Prisoner, long detain'd below;
Prisoner, now with freedom blest;
Welcome from a world of woe,
Welcome to a land of rest!"

Thus thy GUARDIAN ANGEL sang,
As he bore thy soul on high;
While with Hallelujahs rang
All the region of the sky.

——Ye that mourn a FATHER's loss,
Ye that weep a FRIEND no more!
Call to mind the CHRISTIAN cross,
Which your FRIEND, your FATHER bore.

Grief and penury and pain
Still attended on his way,
And Oppression's scourge and chain,
More unmerciful than they.

Yet while travelling in diſtreſs,
('Twas the eldeſt curſe of ſin)
Thro' the world's waſte wilderneſs,
He had Paradiſe within.

And along that vale of tears,
Which his humble footſteps trod;
Still a ſhining path appears,
Where the MOURNER walk'd with GOD.

Till his MASTER, from above,
When the promiſed hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love
To convey the WANDERER home.

Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
And the ſteeds that cleft the wind?
Saw ye not his ſoul aſpire,
When his mantle drop'd behind?

Ye that caught it as it fell,
Bind that mantle round your breaſt;
So in you his meekneſs dwell,
So on you his ſpirit reſt!

Yet, rejoicing in his lot,
Still ſhall memory love to weep
O'er the venerable ſpot,
Where his dear cold relicks ſleep.

Grave! the guardian of his duſt,
Grave! the treaſury of the ſkies,
Every atom of thy truſt
Reſts in hope again to riſe.

Hark!—the judgment-trumpet calls,
"Soul re-build thine houſe of clay:
IMMORTALITY thy walls,
And ETERNITY thy day!"

THE THUNDER STORM.

O FOR Evening's browneſt ſhade!
Where the breezes play by ſtealth
In the foreſt-cinctured glade,
Round the hermitage of HEALTH:
While the noon-bright mountains blaze
In the ſun's tormenting rays.

O'er the ſick and ſultry plains,
Thro' the dim delirious air,
Agonizing ſilence reigns,
And the wanneſs of deſpair:
Nature faints with fervent heat,
—Ah! her pulſe hath ceaſed to beat!

Now in deep and dreadful gloom,
  Clouds on clouds portentous ſpread,
Black as if the day of doom
  Hung o'er NATURE's ſhrinking head:
Lo! the lightning breaks from high,
—GOD is coming!—GOD is nigh!

Hear ye not his chariot wheels,
  As the mighty thunder rolls?
NATURE, ſtartled NATURE reels,
  From the centre to the poles:
Tremble!—Ocean, Earth, and Sky!
Tremble!—GOD is paſſing by!

Darkneſs, wild with horror, forms
  His myſterious hiding place;
Should He, from his ark of ſtorms,
  Rend the veil and ſhew his face,

At the judgment of his eye,
All the Univerſe would die.

Brighter, broader lightnings flaſh,
  Hail and rain tempeſtuous fall;
Louder, deeper thunders craſh,
  Deſolation threatens all;
Struggling NATURE gaſps for breath,
In the agony of death.

GOD OF VENGEANCE! from above
  While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,
O remember Thou art LOVE!
  Spare!—O ſpare a guilty world!
Stay Thy flaming wrath awhile,
See Thy bow of promiſe ſmile!

Welcome, in the eaſtern cloud,
  Meſſenger of Mercy ſtill!

R.

Now, ye winds! proclaim aloud,
"Peace on Earth, to Man good will!"
NATURE! GOD'S repenting Child,
See thy Parent reconciled!

Hark! the Nightingale, afar,
Sweetly ſings the ſun to reſt,
And awakes the evening ſtar
In the roſy-tinted weſt:
While the moon's enchanting eye
Opens paradiſe on high!

Cool and tranquil is the night,
NATURE'S ſore afflictions ceaſe,
For the ſtorm, that ſpent its might,
Was a covenant of peace:
VENGEANCE drops her harmleſs rod;
—MERCY is the POWER OF GOD!

ODE

TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF BRITAIN,

On the prospect of Invasion.

O FOR the death of Thoſe,
Who for their Country die,
Sink on her boſom to repoſe,
And triumph where they lie!

How beautiful in death
The WARRIOR's corſe appears,
Embalm'd by fond AFFECTION's breath,
And bathed in WOMAN's tears!

Their loveliest native earth
Enſhrines the fallen Brave;
In the dear land that gave them birth
They find their tranquil grave.

——But the wild waves ſhall ſweep
BRITANNIA's foes away,
And the blue monſters of the deep
Be ſurfeited with prey!—

No!—they have 'ſcaped the waves,
'Scaped the ſea-monſters' maws;
They come! but O ſhall GALLIC SLAVES
Give ENGLISH FREEMEN laws?

By ALFRED's Spirit, No!
—Ring, ring the loud alarms;
Ye drums awake, ye clarions blow,
Ye Heralds ſhout "to arms!"

To arms our Heroes fly;
And leading on their lines,
The BRITISH BANNER in the ſky,
The ſtar of conqueſt, ſhines.

The lowering battle forms
It's terrible array;
Like claſhing clouds in mountain-ſtorms,
That thunder on their way;

The ruſhing armies meet:
And while they pour their breath,
The ſtrong Earth ſhudders at their feet,
The day grows dim with death.

——Ghoſts of the mighty dead!
Your Children's hearts inſpire;
And while they on your aſhes tread,
Rekindle all your fire.

The Dead to life return;
Our fathers' ſpirits riſe!
—My Brethren! in YOUR breaſts they burn,
They ſparkle in YOUR eyes.

Now launch upon the foe
The lightning of your rage;
Strike, ſtrike the' aſſailing Giants low,
The TITANS of the age.

They yield,—they break,—they fly;
The victory is won:
Purſue!——they faint,—they fall,—they die;
O ſtay!——the work is done.

SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE! reſt:
Sweet MERCY cries, "forbear!"
She claſps the vanquiſh'd to her breaſt;
Thou wilt not pierce them there?

——Thus vaniſh BRITAIN's foes
From her conſuming eye!
But rich be the reward of Thoſe
Who conquer,——Thoſe who die!

O'erſhadowing laurels deck
The living HERO's brows:
But lovelier wreaths entwine his neck,
—His children and his spouse!

Exulting o'er his lot,
The dangers he has braved;
He claſps the dear ones, hails the cot,
Which his own valour ſaved.

——DAUGHTERS OF ALBION! weep;
On this triumphant plain,
Your fathers, huſbands, brethren ſleep,
For you and freedom ſlain.

O gently cloſe the eye
That loved to look on you;
O ſeal the lip, whoſe earlieſt ſigh,
Whoſe lateſt breath was true:

With knots of ſweeteſt flowers
Their winding ſheet perfume;
And waſh their wounds with true-love ſhowers,
And dreſs them for the tomb:

For beautiful in death
The WARRIOR's corſe appears,
Embalm'd by fond AFFECTION's breath,
And bathed in WOMAN's tears.

——Give me the death of Thoſe
Who for their country die;
And O be mine like their repoſe
When cold and low they lie!

Their loveliest mother-earth
Enſhrines the fallen brave,
In her ſweet lap who gave them birth
They find their tranquil grave.

THE VIGIL OF ST. MARK.

RETURNING from their evening walk,
On yonder ancient ſtyle,
In ſweet, romantic, tender talk,
Two lovers pauſed awhile:—

EDMUND, the monarch of the dale,
All-conſcious of his powers;
ELLA, the lily of the vale,
The roſe of AUBURN's bowers!

In airy LOVE's delightful bands
He held her heart in vain;
The Nymph denied her willing hands
To HYMEN's awful chain.

"Ah! why," ſaid he, "our bliſs delay!
"Mine ELLA! why ſo cold?
"Thoſe who but love from day to day,
From day to day grow old.

"The bounding arrow cleaves the ſky,
"Nor leaves a trace behind;
"And ſingle lives like arrows fly,
"—They vaniſh thro' the wind.

"In Wedlock's ſweet endearing lot
"Let us improve the ſcene,
"That ſome may be, when we are not,
"To tell—that we have been."

"'Tis now," replied the village Belle,
"Saint Mark's myſterious eve;
"And all that old traditions tell
"I tremblingly believe:—

" How, when the midnight ſignal tolls,
" Along the church-yard green,
" A mournful train of ſentenced ſouls
" In winding ſheets are ſeen!

" The ghoſts of all, whom DEATH ſhall doom
" Within the coming year,
" In pale proceſſion walk the gloom,
" Amid the ſilence drear!

" If EDMUND, bold in conſcious might,
" By love ſeverely tried,
" Can brave the terrors of to-night,
" ELLA will be his bride."

She ſpake,—and, like the nimble fawn,
From EDMUND's preſence fled:
He ſought, acroſs the rural lawn,
The dwelling of the dead!

That ſilent, ſolemn, ſimple ſpot,
The mouldering realm of peace,
Where human paſſions are forgot!
Where human follies ceaſe!

The gliding moon, through heaven ſerene,
Purſued her tranquil way,
And ſhed o'er all the ſleeping ſcene
A ſoft nocturnal day.

With ſwelling heart and eager feet,
Young EDMUND gain'd the church,
And choſe his ſolitary ſeat
Within the dreadful porch.

Thick, threatening clouds, aſſembling ſoon,
Their dragon-wings diſplay'd;
Eclipſed the ſlow-retiring moon,
And quench'd the ſtars in ſhade.

Amid the deep abyſs of gloom
No ray of beauty ſmiled,
Save, gliſtening o'er ſome haunted tomb,
The glow-worm's luſtre wild.

The village watch-dogs bay'd around,
The long graſs whiſtled drear,
The ſteeple trembled to the ground,
Even EDMUND quaked with fear.

All on a ſudden died the blaſt,
Dumb horror chill'd the air,
While NATURE ſeem'd to pauſe aghaſt,
In uttermoſt deſpair.

—Twelve times the midnight herald toll'd
As oft did EDMUND ſtart;
For every ſtroke fell dead and cold
Upon his fainting heart.

Then glaring through the ghaſtly gloom,
Along the church-yard green,
The deſtin'd victims of the tomb
In winding ſheets were ſeen.

In that pale moment EDMUND ſtood,
Sick with ſevere ſurpriſe;
While creeping horror drank his blood,
And fix'd his flinty eyes.

He ſaw the ſecrets of the grave!
He ſaw the face of DEATH!
No pitying power appear'd to ſave—
He gaſp'd away his breath!

Yet ſtill the ſcene his ſoul beguiled,
And every ſpectre caſt
A look, unutterably wild,
On EDMUND, as they paſs'd.

All on the ground entranced he lay;
At length the vision broke!
—When, lo!—a kiss as cold as clay,
The slumbering Youth awoke.

That moment, streaming through a cloud,
The sudden moon display'd,
Robed in a melancholy shroud,
The image of a maid.

Her dusky veil aside she threw,
And shew'd a face most fair;
—To clasp his ELLA—EDMUND flew,
And clipt the empty air!

"Ha! who art thou!"—His cheek grew pale;
A well-known voice replied,
"ELLA, the lily of the vale!
"ELLA—thy destin'd bride!"

To win his neck, her airy arms
The pallid phantom ſpread;
Recoiling from her blaſted charms,
The' affrighted lover fled.

To ſhun the viſionary maid
His ſpeed outſtript the wind;
But,—though unſeen to move,—the ſhade
Was evermore behind!

So DEATH's unerring arrows glide,
Yet ſeem ſuſpended ſtill;
Nor pauſe, nor ſhrink, nor turn aſide,
But ſmite, ſubdue and kill.

O'er many a mountain, moor and vale,
On that tremendous night,
The Ghoſt of ELLA, wild and pale,
Purſued her Lover's flight.

But when the dawn began to gleam,
  Ere yet the morning ſhone,
She vaniſh'd like a nightmare-dream,
  And EDMUND ſtood alone.

Three days, bewilder'd and forlorn,
  He ſought his home in vain;
At length he hail'd the hoary thorn,
  That crown'd his native plain.

'Twas evening:—all the air was balm,
  The heavens ſerenely clear;
When the ſoft muſic of a pſalm
  Came penſive o'er his ear.

Then ſunk his heart;—a ſtrange ſurmiſe
  Made all his blood run cold:
He flew,—a funeral met his eyes;
  He pauſed,—a death-bell toll'd.

"'Tis she! 'tis she!"—He burst away;
And bending o'er the spot,
Where all that once was ELLA lay,
He all beside forgot!

A maniac now, in dumb despair,
With love-bewilder'd mien,
He wanders, weeps and watches there,
Among the hillocks green.

And every Eve of pale ST. MARK,
As village hinds relate,
He walks with ELLA in the dark,
And reads the rolls of Fate!

HANNAH.

AT fond ſixteen my roving heart
Was pierced by Love's delightful dart:
Keen tranſport throb'd thro' every vein,
—I never felt ſo ſweet a pain!

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantic maid:
I ſtole her hand,—it ſhrunk,—but no!
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While paſſion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my HANNAH's downcaſt eye,
'Twas kind, but beautifully ſhy.

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The Sun, enamour'd, wooes young May;
Nor May, with ſofter maiden grace,
Turns from the ſun her bluſhing face.

But, ſwifter than the frighted dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love:
Ah! that ſo bright a morn, ſo ſoon,
Should vaniſh in ſo dark a noon!

The angel of affliction roſe,
And in his graſp a thouſand woes;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I ſtood,—and all his wrath defied;
I ſtood,—though whirlwinds ſhook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my ſoul in twain.

I ſhun'd my nymph;—and knew not why
I durſt not meet her gentle eye;
I ſhun'd her,—for I could not bear
To marry her to my deſpair.

Yet, ſick at heart with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that maid
Glanced, like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
And promiſed happineſs behind.

The ſtorm blew o'er, and in my breaſt
The halcyon peace rebuilt her neſt;
The ſtorm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The ſea of youth and pleaſure ſmiled.

'Twas on the merry morn of May,
To HANNAH's cot I took my way;
My eager hopes were on the wing,
Like ſwallows ſporting in the ſpring.

Then as I climb'd the mountains o'er,
I lived my wooing days once more:
And fancy ſketch'd my married lot,
My wife, my children and my cot!

I ſaw the village ſteeple riſe,—
My ſoul ſprang, ſparkling, in my eyes;
The rural bells rang ſweet and clear,—
My fond heart liſten'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet:—all was gay;
I love a ruſtic holiday!
I met a wedding,—ſtep'd aſide;
It paſs'd;—my HANNAH was the bride!

——There is a grief that cannot feel;
It leaves a wound that will not heal;
——My heart grew cold,—it felt not then;
When ſhall it ceaſe to feel again?

A FIELD FLOWER;

ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM ON CHRISTMAS DAY 1803.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With ſilver creſt and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every ſky.

The prouder Beauties of the field,
In gay but quick ſucceſſion ſhine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flouriſh and decline.

But this ſmall flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and ſtars their courſes run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the ſun.

It ſmiles upon the lap of May,
To ſultry Auguſt ſpreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily ſheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the foreſt, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,
It ſhares the ſweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on conſecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimſon gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breaſt,
The blue-fly bends its penſile ſtem,
Light o'er the ſky-lark's neſt.

'Tis FLORA's page:——In every place,
In every ſeaſon, freſh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And bloſſoms every where.

On waſte and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded riſe;
The Roſe has but a ſummer-reign,
The DAISY never dies.

THE SNOW-DROP.

WINTER! retire,
Thy reign is paſt;
Hoary Sire!
Yield the ſceptre of thy ſway,
Sound thy trumpet in the blaſt,
And call thy ſtorms away;
Winter! retire;
Wherefore do thy wheels delay?
Mount the chariot of thine ire,
And quit the realms of day;
On thy ſtate
Whirlwinds wait;
And blood-ſhot meteors lend thee light;

Hence to dreary arctic regions,
Summon thy terrific legions;
Hence to caves of northern night
Speed thy flight.

From halcyon ſeas
And purer ſkies,
O ſouthern breeze!
Awake, ariſe:
Breath of heaven! benignly blow,
Melt the ſnow;
Breath of heaven! unchain the floods,
Warm the woods,
And make the mountains flow.

Auſpicious to the Muſe's prayer,
The freſhening gale
Embalms the vale,
And breathes enchantment thro' the air:

On its wing
Floats the Spring,
With glowing eye, and golden hair:
Dark before her Angel-form
She drives the Demon of the ſtorm,
Like Gladneſs chaſing Care.

Winter's gloomy night withdrawn,
Lo! the young romantic Hours
Search the hill, the dale, the lawn,
To behold the SNOW-DROP white
Start to light,
And ſhine in FLORA's deſart bowers,
Beneath the vernal dawn,
The Morning Star of Flowers!

O welcome to our Iſle,
Thou Meſſenger of Peace!

At whose bewitching smile
The embattled tempests cease:
Emblem of Innocence and Truth!
Firstborn of Nature's womb,
When strong in renovated youth,
She bursts from Winter's tomb;
Thy Parent's eye hath shed
A precious dew-drop on thine head;
Frail as a Mother's tear
Upon her infant's face,
When ardent hope to tender fear,
And anxious love, gives place.
But lo! the dew-drop falls away,
The sun salutes thee with a ray,
Warm as a Mother's kiss
Upon her Infant's cheek,
When the heart bounds with bliss,
And joy that cannot speak!

——When I meet thee by the way,
Like a pretty, ſportive child,
On the winter-waſted wild,
With thy darling breeze at play,
Opening to the radiant ſky
All the ſweetneſs of thine eye;
—Or bright with ſunbeams, freſh with ſhowers,
O thou Fairy-Queen of flowers!
Watch thee o'er the plain advance
At the head of FLORA's dance;
Simple SNOW-DROP! then in thee,
All thy ſiſter train I ſee:
Every brilliant bud that blows,
From the blue-bell to the roſe;
All the beauties that appear
On the boſom of the Year;
All that wreathe the locks of Spring,
Summer's ardent breath perfume,

Or on the lap of Autumn bloom,
—All to thee their tribute bring,
Exhale their incenſe at thy ſhrine,
—Their hues, their odours all are thine!
For while thy humble form I view,
The Muſe's keen prophetic ſight
Brings fair Futurity to light,
And Fancy's magic makes the viſion true.

—There is a Winter in my ſoul,
The Winter of deſpair;
O when ſhall Spring its rage controul?
When ſhall the SNOW-DROP bloſſom there?
Cold gleams of comfort ſometimes dart
A dawn of glory on my heart,
But quickly paſs away:
Thus Northern-lights the gloom adorn,
And give the promiſe of a morn,
That never turns to day!

——But hark! methinks I hear
A ſmall ſtill whiſper in mine ear;
"Raſh Youth! repent,
"Afflictions from above,
"Are Angels ſent
"On embaſſies of love.
"A fiery Legion, at thy birth,
"Of chaſtening Woes were given,
"To pluck thy flowers of Hope from earth,
"And plant them high
"O'er yonder ſky,
"Transform'd to ſtars,—and fix'd in heaven."

THE OCEAN.

WRITTEN AT SCARBOROUGH, IN THE SUMMER OF 1805.

ALL hail to the ruins,* the rocks and the ſhores!
Thou wide-rolling OCEAN, all hail!
Now brilliant with ſun-beams, and dimpled with oars,
Now dark with the freſh-blowing gale,
While ſoft o'er thy boſom the cloud-ſhadows ſail,
And the ſilver-wing'd ſea-fowl on high,
Like meteors beſpangle the ſky,
Or dive in the gulph, or triumphantly ride,
Like foam on the ſurges, the ſwans of the tide.

* *Scarboro' Caſtle.*

W.

From the tumult and ſmoke of the city ſet free,
With eager and awful delight,
From the creſt of the mountain I gaze upon thee;
I gaze,——and am changed at the ſight;
For mine eye is illumined, my Genius takes flight,
My ſoul, like the ſun, with a glance
Embraces the boundleſs expanſe,
And moves on thy waters, wherever they roll,
From the day-darting zone to the night-brooding
pole.

My Spirit deſcends where the day-ſpring is born,
Where the billows are rubies on fire,
And the breezes that rock the light cradle of morn
Are ſweet as the Phœnix's pyre:
O regions of beauty, of love, and deſire!
O gardens of Eden! in vain
Placed far on the fathomleſs main,

Where Nature with Innocence dwelt in her youth,
When pure was her heart, and unbroken her truth.

But now the fair rivers of Paradiſe wind
Through countries and kingdoms o'erthrown;
Where the Giant of tyranny cruſhes mankind,
Where he reigns,—and will ſoon reign alone,
For wide and more wide o'er the ſun-beaming
zone,
He ſtretches his hundred-fold arms,
Deſpoiling, deſtroying its charms;
Beneath his broad footſtep the Ganges is dry,
And the mountains recoil from the flaſh of his eye.

Thus the peſtilent Uppas, the hydra of trees,
Its boughs o'er the wilderneſs ſpreads,
And with livid contagion polluting the breeze
Its mildewing influence ſheds;

The birds on the wing, and the flowers in their beds,
Are ſlain by its venomous breath,
That darkens the noon-day with death,
And pale ghoſts of Travellers wander around,
While their mouldering ſkeletons whiten the ground.

Ah! why hath JEHOVAH, in forming the world,
With the waters divided the land,
His ramparts of rocks round the continent hurl'd,
And cradled the deep in his hand,
If man may tranſgreſs his eternal command;
And leap o'er the bounds of his birth
To ravage the uttermoſt earth,
And violate nations and realms that ſhould be
Diſtinct as the billows, yet one as the ſea!

There are, gloomy OCEAN! a brotherlefs clan,
Who traverfe thy banifhing waves,
The poor difinherited outcafts of man,
Whom Avarice coins into flaves;
From the homes of their kindred, their forefathers' graves,
Love, friendfhip, and conjugal blifs,
They are dragg'd on the hoary abyfs;
The fhark hears their fhrieks, and afcending to day,
Demands of the fpoiler his fhare of the prey.

Then joy to the tempeft that whelms them beneath,
And makes their deftruction its fport!
But woe to the winds that propitioufly breathe,
And waft them in fafety to port!
Where the vultures and vampires of Mammon refort;

Where Europe exultingly drains
Her cordials from Africa's veins;
Where the image of God is accounted as base,
And the image of Cæsar set up in its place!

The hour is approaching,—a terrible hour!
And Vengeance is bending her bow;
Already the clouds of the hurricane lour,
And the rock-rending whirlwinds blow;
Back rolls the huge Ocean,—Hell opens below;
The floods return headlong,——they sweep
The slave-cultur'd lands to the deep;
In a moment entomb'd in the horrible void,
By their Maker Himself in his anger destroy'd.

Shall this be the fate of the cane-planted isles,
More lovely than clouds in the west,
When the sun o'er the ocean descending in smiles
Sinks softly and sweetly to rest?

—NO!—Father of Mercy! befriend the oppreſt;
At the voice of thy goſpel of peace,
May the ſorrows of Africa ceaſe;
And the ſlave and his maſter devoutly unite
To walk in thy freedom, and dwell in thy light!

As homeward my weary-wing'd Fancy extends
Her ſtar-lighted courſe through the ſkies,
High over the mighty Atlantic aſcends,
And turns upon Europe her eyes;
Ah me! what new proſpects, new horrors ariſe!
I ſee the war-tempeſted flood
All foaming, and panting with blood;
The panic-ſtruck Ocean in agony roars,
Rebounds from the battle, and flies to his ſhores.

* *Alluding to the glorious ſucceſs of the Moravian Miſſionaries among the Negroes in the Weſt Indies.*

For BRITANNIA is wielding her trident to-day,
Consuming her foes in her ire,
And hurling her thunder with absolute sway
From her wave-ruling chariots of fire:
—She triumphs;—the winds and the waters conspire
To spread her invincible name;
The universe rings with her fame;
—But the cries of the fatherless mix with her praise,
And the tears of the widow are shed on her bays!

O Britain! dear Britain! the land of my birth;
O Isle, most enchantingly fair!
Thou Pearl of the Ocean! Thou Gem of the Earth!
O my Mother! my Mother! beware;
For wealth is a phantom, and empire a snare:

O let not thy birth-right be ſold
For reprobate glory and gold:
Thy foreign dominions like wild graftings ſhoot,
They weigh down thy trunk,—they will tear up
thy root:—

The root of thine OAK, O my Country! that ſtands
Rock-planted, and flouriſhing free;
Its branches are ſtretch'd over far-diſtant lands,
And its ſhadow eclipſes the ſea:
The blood of our Anceſtors nouriſh'd the tree;
From their tombs, from their aſhes it ſprung;
Its boughs with their trophies are hung;
Their ſpirit dwells in it:—and hark! for it ſpoke;
The voice of our Fathers aſcends from their oak.

"Ye Britons! who dwell where we conquer'd of old,
Who inherit our battle-field graves;

Though poor were your Fathers,—gigantic and bold,
We were not, we would not be ſlaves;
But firm as our rocks, and as free as our waves,
The ſpears of the Romans we broke,
We never ſtoop'd under their yoke;
In the ſhipwreck of nations we ſtood up alone,
—The world was great CÆSAR's—but Britain our
own.

"For ages and ages, with barbarous foes,
The Saxon, Norwegian and Gaul,
We wreſtled, were foil'd, were caſt down, but we
roſe
With new vigour, new life from each fall;
By all we were conquer'd:—WE CONQUER'D
THEM ALL!
—The cruel, the cannibal mind,
We ſoften'd, ſubdued and refined;

Bears, wolves, and ſea-monſters they ruſh'd from
their den;
We taught them, we tamed them, we turn'd them
to men.

"Love led the wild hordes in his flower-woven bands,
The tendereſt, the ſtrongeſt of chains!
Love married our hearts, he united our hands,
And mingled the blood in our veins;
One race we became:—on the mountains and
plains
Where the wounds of our country were cloſed,
The Ark of Religion repoſed,
The unquenchable Altar of Liberty blazed,
And the Temple of Juſtice in Mercy was raiſed.

"Ark, Altar and Temple we left with our breath
To our children, a ſacred bequeſt!

O guard them, O keep them, in life and in death :
So the ſhades of your Fathers ſhall reſt,
And your ſpirits with ours be in paradiſe bleſt :
—Let Ambition, the ſin of the Brave,
And Avarice, the ſoul of a Slave,
No longer ſeduce your affections to roam
From Liberty, Juſtice, Religion, AT HOME!"

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages paſt,
There lived a Man:—and WHO was He?
—Mortal! howe'er thy lot be caſt,
That Man reſembled Thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown;
His name hath periſh'd from the earth,
This truth ſurvives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breaſt;
His bliſs and woe,—a ſmile, a tear!
—Oblivion hides the reſt.

The bounding pulſe, the languid limb,
The changing ſpirits' riſe and fall;
We know that theſe were felt by him,
For theſe are felt by all.

He ſuffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved the grave
Hath loſt in its unconſcious womb:
O ſhe was fair!—but nought could ſave
Her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling ſeaſons, day and night,
Sun, moon and ſtars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exiſt in vain.

He ſaw whatever thou haſt ſeen,
Encounter'd all that troubles thee;
He was—whatever thou haſt been;
He is—what thou ſhalt be.

The clouds and ſunbeams, o'er his eye,
That once their ſhades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder ſilent ſky,
No veſtige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, ſince the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN!

THE END.

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